

Her Royal Majesty's Christmas Day Message



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My most faithful and loyal people, wherever you are:

It makes me so proud to have such a wonderful, extended family, the Commonwealth. I've been very fortunate to have had lots of members of that family to tea this past year. We really are one great harmonious community, with shared values such as having milk with our tea, and white sugar. Mind you, I don't think I'll be returning all the visits, as the menu in the remoter regions of my Commonwealth can be a little exotic for my taste, but you've got to let the dear little jigaboos and booglies have their head (if you'll pardon the pun). Mugabe was so charming when he came to visit and I've no sympathy for those common Boers who are getting shot up in Zimbabwe at the moment, I'm sure Robert is doing his

best. As my government is doing such a marvellous job of importing more jigglies and wogrots, soon everyone will be able to have one or two to tea, won't that be super? We almost had little gippos crawling over the Windsor carpet, but for Dodi and Diana's awful car accident. We all have our burdens you know, even me. Though I'm sure Davina will do us proud.

Now a million of you have written to me with a petition, to say that you are not happy about Great Britain being made into an arrondissement (excuse my French!) of Brussels, and our Prime Minister signing away British sovereignty to be subordinate to a new European Constitution. Well, I will try to explain it very simply, because these matters of constitutional law are terribly complicated and not at all easy to follow. Lord Woolf and that nice Mr Levy have gone through it very patiently with me, and I understand most of it I think, so I will try to explain.

You see, according to the Constitution I really do have to repeat every treasonous word my government puts in front of me. I really am quite powerless to interfere. I just wave and smile and can't do very much at all except go round meeting all these awfully nice people and, well, look the part.

My Coronation Oath to uphold and protect the rights and interests of my subjects, and Magna Carta, and all those other fuddy-duddy laws and statutes passed "in perpetuity" are very, very old now and not at all appropriate today. The lawyers are quite adamant on this point. You're not my subjects any more I'm afraid, but citizens. It's like the money – my head may be on it, but that's just a vestige from the days when the Crown controlled it, backing it with precious metals in Sterling weight. Now our money is created on computer screens and printed by private bankers, who lend it to us at interest. It's all very modern (even if the people behind it aren't).

So all I can do is ask Mr Blair to hold a referendum. And another, and another, and so forth until he gets the result he wants. Nor can I do anything about that "other palace" on the Thames which spies on everyone and puts in agents to wreck

any organisation which threatens the money supply, although I'm sure I don't know where all the money goes. I don't carry any, don't you know.

But sadly here I must come to the end of my traditional Christmas speech, and I'm afraid I have some more bad news. I have to inform you that this will be my last Christmas Day message as it is being replaced from next year by an extended holiday coinciding with Hanukkah. This is a bit sudden I know, but we all have to move with the times and it's a quid pro quo for not having William and Harry circumcised by Rabbi Snowman. However I have been promised most solemnly that I will still be allowed to appear on TV and wave to you, and that's really all that matters, isn't it?

I wonder what my new identity card will be like? I must take care not to ask any more questions about the money supply or foreign police might come to arrest and extradite me!

Your Queenie,

Liz